Sylvia's Revenge,

OR, A

SATYR

AGAINST

MAN,

In ANSWER to the

Satyr against Woman.

The Second Edition.

LONDON,
Printed for *Robert Battersby* at *Staple-Inn-Gate* near the *Barrs* in *Holbourn*, 1697.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SAMSON, *Or the Unhappy Lover. A Poem.* By Gerard De Gols, T. C. C. S.

Printed for *Robert Battersby* at *Staple-Inn Gate*, near the *Barrs* in *Holbourn*.

THE Epiſtle Dedicatory TO THOSE Snarling Currs THE CRITICKS.

AND why all this Noiſe and Splutter againſt the *Women*, Harmleſs Creatures! What have they done to deſerve ſo many *Lampoons*, *Libels*, *Satyrs*? But methinks Gentlemen 'tis not fair Dealing to commit Acts of open Hoſtility before you Proclaim a War. And we know what Feats you brag have been done, by your little *Fire-ſhip*, call'd the *Satyr* againſt *Woman*: This Preface therefore is only to let you know, that we have rigg'd out a Female *Man* of *War* (if that been't Nonſence) with 30 Guns of a ſide, which Egad Gentlemen, (as Mr. *Boys* has it) we hope will maul you; and ſo much for that Point.

But

But Now----what now? why, it ſeems 'twas *Nero*, and not *Caligula*, that made ſuch a *Wiſh* mentioned in page 2d. Why Gentlemen, I hope you'l excuſe the want of Learning in a *Woman*; ſince upon my word, I never read *Suetonius* nor *Tranquillus*, for you all know, That a Box of *Marmalade*, *Culpeppers Midwifery*, a Prayer-Book, and two or three Plays, is all the Furniture of a *Womans* Study.

If any of the Characters ſuite with ſome Perſons to to me unknown; I ſolemnly profeſs, there is not one of them level'd againſt any perſon whatſoever, but a Skilful Painter may by the ſtrength of Fancy, draw a Face repreſenting ſome body, tho' no body ſat for the *Picture*.

Madam,

Madam,

TH' Invaſion firſt with fierce Aſſaults began,
And ſcatter'd wild Diſorder as it ran,
It was a War betwixt our Sex *and* Man.
With haughty Pride the bold Tryumphers boaſt,
And Cry the weaker Veſſel's ſunk and loſt;
Trophies along the gaudy Strand *diſplay'd,*
And never ſuch Inſulting Peans made.
Tet true it is, without a bluſh we own,
Our Force in part was ſcatter'd and o'rethrown:
With fright Surpris'd we knew not then the Foe,
With Noiſe they hurry'd on, and flaſh't with ſhow;
Yet ſtill unmov'd our Body *did remain,*
They only took ſome Straglers on the plain.
To you the News with winged-haſt we bore,
You Smil'd, and bid us ſtand, and ſaid no more.
Long you delay'd indeed to aid us there,
And they miſtook your Scorn of them, for fear.
You ſent one Muſe *to View their Strength, ſhe came*
And told you 'twas but Noiſe and babling Fame.
Unguarded, and how looſe the Forces lay,
And would you then advance you'd win the Day.
With this alarm'd your God-like-Genius roſe,
Lord! how agaſt appear'd your frighted Foes?
At your approach, foil'd and diſarm'd they yield,
And ſcatter ſtrange Confuſion o're the Field.
With Numbers ſweetly rank't you brought us aid,
And ſhew you can defend us and invade:
Submiſſive at your Feet their General Craves,
And you at Pleaſure wound the baffl'd Slaves.

M. P.

A

SATYR

AGAINST

MAN.

THen muſt it thus, *Ye Heavens* for ever be,
Will no kind *Fate* our *Sex* from *Cenſure* free?
Muſt ill-bred *Satyrs* chaſe us through the World,
And ſhall no Thunder at the *Slaves* be hurl'd?
Ye Gods! how long ſhall injur'd *Virtue* groan?
How long ſhall *Innocence* be trampl'd on?
Shall a bold Scribling *Fop* whoſe Head contains,
A Thouſand *Maggots* for One Dream of *Brains*,
In *Doggrel* Rime, and much more *Doggrel* Senſe,
Vomit *ſix Pen'worth* of *Impertinence*;
Thruſt it abroad, and in a *Stile* not common,
Call it forſooth ----- *A Satyr againſt Woman*?
A pretty Title ------ ſure the Book muſt ſell,
Cries a *Clapt-Spark*, and likes it wondrous well,
Another Laughs, and *Snuffling* in the Noſe,
E'gad (*ſays he*) the Subject's rarely choſe;
A third, ---- but hold, the *Slaves* I muſt Ingage,
Inſpire me *Juno* with a *Womans* Rage,

A Rage like that, when you by Spyes were told,
How finely *Jupiter* intreagu'd with *Gold*;
Or when the ſhape of *Bull* and *Swan* put on,
To get ſome Mortal *Maiden-Head* was gon:
Aſſiſt dear *Goddeſs*, teach me how to write,
Inform my *Satyr* when, and where to bite,
That all the Race of lewd inconſtant *Men*,
May curſe the time they rous'd a *Womans* Pen,
'Tis done,---- a glowing heat my Breaſt inſpires,
Revenge inflames me with its eager fires;
Oh were the Race of *Mankind* in my Power,
By all my Hopes, they ſhould not live an hour,
By Heaven *Caligula*, 'twas bravely done,
To wiſh all Necks in *Rome* were ſhrunk to one,
That at one blow they might receive their Fate.
Yet *Cæſar*, you were moderate in your hate,
A part of *Mankind*, at your rage would fall,
But mine, (*would Heaven would grant it*) flies at all.
Fear not my *Muſe* the *Monſter* to engage,
But ſlight the paſſes of a *Scribler's* Rage,
What tho' he ſtruts in big affected Notes,
You know the *Muſes* ſtill wear Petticoats,
Thoſe *Darling Shees*, their *Sexes* Cauſe will own,
Shall *Angel-Woman*, be by *Man* o'rethrown?
-----*Man* the ignoble word of Tell-tale-fame,
My Paper bliſters as I write the Name,
Man, muſt I then the hated Name rehearſe,
Lord! how it ſtains my Ink and ſpoils my Verſe,
Man, by ſome angry God in paſſion hurl'd
Down, as a Plague to vex the *Female* World.

A Spirit of Air and Flame may be withſtood,
But who can ſhun a *Devil* of fleſh and blood?
Man! hold my *Muſe*, thy Epithets give o're,
A Nobler Task will ſoon employ thy Store.
Expoſe the Wretch in all his vicious Shapes,
Trace him through all Diſguiſes, all Eſcapes.
For tho' his Vices are become his Trade,
Yet Vice will ſometimes Act in Maſquerade.
Let no fond pity thy reſentments ſpare,
Let nought of *Woman* make the Laſh forbare;
Let him be *Fop*, *Pimp*, *Cully*, *Fool*, or *Knave*,
Laſh till he fly for ſhelter to the Grave:
That undeluded Females may be ſhown,
What a choice Creature 'tis they dote upon.
Nature has ſcarce wrote *Man* upon his Chin;
But ſtrait to Love the Stripling does begin.
Tho' what it is he underſtands no more,
Then *Sailors* did the *Compaſs* heretofore.
Whether the *Play-houſe*, *Church*, or *Boarding-School*,
Did with a *Miſtreſs* furniſh the young *Fool*,
We cannot tell---but one at laſt is found,
Whoſe Charms the Heart of young *Philander* wound;
The Trifle humbly at her Feet he lays,
And as the Way of Courtſhip now a days:
Some *Preſent*----for a Bribe does ſlyly uſe,
So by a Gift----his want of Gifts excuſe;
And that his Plots be more ſecurely laid,
He gets an Intereſt in the *Chamber-maid*:
But if from's Vows ſhe turns her Scornful Eyes,
And with diſdain his formal Courtſhip ſlyes;

A Lunatick transform'd he then diſpairs,
Looks wild, ſtorms, rages, and devoutly ſwears,
That if his *Sylvia* ſends another Frown,
Himſelf, himſelf, the Wretch himſelf will drown
Before th' arrival of the next days Sun,
And the next Tavern ſees the *Buſineſs* done.
Follow my *Muſe*, you may if not too Clamorous,
In a *Red-Sea* of *Claret* find *Sr. Amorous*.
Where powerful Love, yields to more powerful *Wine*,
And prompts his Fancy to ſome new Deſign:
His former *Miſtreſs* like a Caſt-off-*Suit*,
Thrown by ------ another does his Heart recruit,
To whom obliging Nature has been kind,
In all the Gifts of *Body* and of *Mind*,
Nor muſt her Fortune be forgot behind;

With her he uſes all the little Arts,
Invented to ſurprize unguarded Hearts.
No Treats are wanting that may bribe her Senſe,
And to her Heart convey ſoft Love from thence.
To Balls and Plays ſhe's daily uſher'd in,
Tell me St. *Jame's Park* how oft you've ſeen;
The perjur'd Wretch conduct her through the *Grove*,
And whiſper Tales of his pretended Love.
How oft he kiſt her hand, and ſoftly ſwore,
That ſhe, and none but ſhe he could adore,
When the ſame time he Ogl'd at a Whore.

His vig'rous Courtſhip overcomes the *Fair*,
She can no longer ſuch brisk Sallyes bear.
With bluſhes which too well the Heart diſcover,
The cred'lous *Phillis* owns her ſelf a Lover.

Which

Which mighty Secret when the *Wretch* has known,
Retires, and all his Paſſion does diſown.
Diſown't ſaid I? ----- Ah certainly he'd none;

And 'tis a part of his Diverſion made,
To tell the World how th' *Fair One* was betray'd,
Your *Thunder-Gods*! to ſtrike the Villain dead.

O could my *Pen* dart *Lightning* at the Slave,
A fate deſerv'd his Perjuries ſhould have:
But a Curſt Impotence attends me ſtill,
And Men muſt for the Deed accept the Will;
But yet to ſhow how far a Womans Paſſion
Exceeds that modiſh *Raillery* now in faſhion.

For once let cheated *Ariadne* ſpeak,
And if you any ſenſe of Shame partake:
Know perjur'd *Men*, 'twill make your Hearts to ake.

And will oblige our injur'd Sex to know it,
The Story's true, no Matter who's the Poet.

When *Theſius* falſe by unexpected Theft,
Had *Adriadne* on black *Naxos* left,
By him and his kind Sex expos'd a Prey
To *Wolves* and *Tygers* milder *Beaſts* than they,
Long her low Love and Natures ſervile Chain,
Her juſt, her pious Curſes did reſtrain:
But when far off his Perjur'd Gally flyes,
And riſing Mountains ſcreen her following *Eyes*.
All *Women* in her's baniſh't by diſpair,
Leaving a brave dreadful *Angel* there;
Thus did She all his treacherous Sex ingage,
And thus curſt on, inſpir'd with heav'nly Rage.

Fly Villain, Monſter, Traytor, if I can,
I'll call thee more than all, I'll call thee *Man*.

Man

Man----Natures bluſh medly of luſt and *Blood*,
All *Man*----degen'rate from thy native Mudd,
Pure ſedement of *Chaos*, *Devil* all o're.
Thy ſelf, thy ſelf, what need I call thee more;
Perjur'd and treach'rous, Monſtrous, and ingrate,
Deadly's your Love, more deadly than your Hate.
Your charming *Eyes* are thoſe which have betray'd,
A tame, an eaſie, fond believing *Maid*.
Find me one Wretch in all your helliſh-bands,
Whoſe Tongue han't done more Murders than his Hands.
Crocadile are your tears, Sly ſilent lyes,
Hyena's Voice, and *Cockatrices Eyes*.
Angels before you've cheated us, and then,
The Cloven-foot peeps out, and you'r all *Devils* agen.
When I my own weak Soul and *Sex* review,
I hate my ſelf and them as much as you.
Why has black Deſtiny oblig'd us thus,
To dote upon a Mortal-*Incubus*,
Oh that I could on the tame fools prevail,
We'd Dye to make their vipr ous off ſpring fail.
'Twould be but one curſt Age before they fell,
And moulder'd back into their native *Hell*.
By Heaven, 'twas nobly wiſht and bravely thought,
Were all our *Sex* with ſuch intentions fraught.
Hell would not long the treacherous Vermine ſpare,
For ſlighted Love who can with patience bear?
And tho' our *Spark* was Perjur'd once before,
He'l tick with *Hell* for one falſe Promiſe more,
And a whole Race of feigned Vows run o're.
No *Woman* ſhall monopoliſe his Heart,
But every *Female* ſhall pretend a part. Incon-

Inconſtancy the Practic'd Vice of th'Age,
Makes him all *Women* that he ſees engage.
One *Woman* takes him with her charming Air,
'Tis 'cauſe ſhe's *Black*, the other 'cauſe ſhe's *Fair*.
Now now he dyes for *Sylvias Charming Eyes*,
Till *Cælia's* Singing, did his Soul ſurprize;
His *trifling* heart ſhe for a while poſſeſt,
Till 'twas remov'd to *Roſalinda's* Breaſt:
She could not long of her new Treaſure boaſt,
The Skittiſh thing ſoon took another Poſt.
Octavia next would the Gay *Bubble* claim,
But ſtill for *Daphne* he'd a greater flame;
For her he languiſht in ſoft fond deſire,
Till *Florimena* ſet his Heart on fire.
A while indeed he revel'd in her Arms,
But ſoon was captiv'd with *Almeria's Charms*:
For full ſix hours ſhe held her *Airy* Lover,
Till *Arrabella* did new Charms diſcover:
Her welcome Gueſt ſhe did not long enjoy,
But *Lydia* was preſented with the *Toy*;
And tho' ſhe'd Magick that might cauſe it's ſtay,
Yet *Clariſtella* becond it away:
In two hours time the inclination fled,
And *Belvedira* reigned in her ſtead;
As Miſtriſs long ſhe had not bore Command,
But th' Scepter was reſign'd to *Flora's* hand
Falſe as the Wind, inconſtant as the Weather,
It ran away from her the Lord knows whether.
His Love thus in various Channels cut,
Bold Luſt flows in, as faſt as Love ebbs out.

Luſt

Luſt, like a Feind his Soul does haunt and vex,
Luſt, the Familiar *Divel* of the Sex;
All ſenſe of Reputation once abhorring,
He liſt's himſelf a Proſelyte for Whoring.
Whoring ----- what pleaſures does the ſound afford?
Whoring, that lovely fine delicious Word.
A Vertuous Woman's troubled with ill Nature,
But yet a Whore's a moſt obliging Creature:
With her he all his broken Vows repeats,
With her he values no expence in Treats.
What ever her fond Appetite can crave,
'Tis but to ask, and ſhe as ſoon ſhall have.
The *Park* and *Play-houſe* ſee 'em ſtill together,
And he's her *Cully* for all ſorts Weather;
And tho' ſome years before the *Nothing* fled,
Yet he'll be thought to have her *Maiden-head.*
A vicious conſtancy he now will own,
And is not weary of her Service grown;
While in her La, th' inchanted Cocks-comb roks,
She lovingly requites him with a *P* -----
But hold a while m' unwary head-ſtrong Muſe,
In taxing *Men* I my one Sex Accuſe.
The Dart which at the oth er Sex was thrown,
Recoils with all it's force upon our own:
And while the *Cully* I would fain explore,
In lively Colours I diſplay the *Whore.*
Like *Sampſon's Foxes* tail to tail they'r ty'd,
And who the Loving couple would divide?
Yet this for *Jilts* muſt in excuſe be ſaid,
'Twas falſe, baſe treach'rous *Man* that them betray'd.

And

And if ſome Helliſh arts and tricks they know,
To you kind Men, they all their Knowledge owe,
They were not Devils till you made 'em ſo.

From *Fluxing* or from private *Hot-houſe* come,
For our laſt mentioned *Cully* make ſome Room.
Who tho' ſeverely chaſtened for his Sins,
His much lov'd trade of Whoring ſoon begins.
So Flud-gates which have long ſtopt water-courſe,
When opened make it fly with greater force.
Not virtuous Ladies in his Luſt he'd ſpare,
Did not their Frowns make the bold Wretch forbear.
His Luſt all manner of diſtinction Dam's,
'Twixt *Country-nut-brown*, or fine *Court Madams*.
Ugly or *handſome*, *fair*, *black*, *brown*, or *yellow*,
Tall, *ſhort*, *fat*, *lean*, he ſwears ſhe's not her fellow.
Abroad he faſtens upon all he meets,
The Sexes common *Scare-crow* in the Streets.
Where Widdows, Wives, and Maids, he boldly ſeizes,
Ones Breaſt, and t'others Hand he rudely ſqueezes.
But if he finds 'em civil or not right,
Dam 'em, ſays he, they're Virtuous out of ſpite.
He roves not long till ſome kind *Jenny* paſs,
And ſhe with him takes one refreſhing Glaſs.
Some paultry *Chink* to tempt her he'l expoſe,
And ſhe on him a ſwinging *Clap* beſtows.
Who in few days finding his old Gueſt come;
At ſome *Quack-Doctors* takes a private Room.
The *Quacks* thoſe lewd Impoſters of the times,
Fam'd for their *Pills*, their *Spirits*, and their *Rhimes*.

With promis'd hopes, expecting Fops betray,
And send them more Distemper'd thence away,
Cull'd of their Health, and cheated of their Pay.
Death through the Town is scatrer'd in their Bills,
And Execution swallow'd with their *Pills*.
'Twould blast a modest Muse t'approach too near,
A Dire Infection stains the neighbouring Air.
Here draw the Veil and let the Wretches lie,
Cursing the effects of their base Leachery.

What Gaudy thing from *China* or *Japan*,
Is this appears?--- it cannot sure be Man.
And yet it talks, and looks, and walks like one,
Of those we call the modish Sparks o'th Town.
Man's the least part about him that appears,
Sure he was got between some *Taylors* Shears.
Oh what a breadth, what mighty Port he bears;
A dozen Farms upon his back he wears.
Poynt *de venee* must now adorn his Knees;
Whose Ancestors wore nought but homely Frieze.
In a long *Wigg* must our Sr. *Taudry* strut;
Whose Father wore the old *Geneva*-cut.
Dressing himself till noon the Fop must be,
The *Royal Sovereigns* sooner rigg'd than he.
Each day he spends some hours before the Glass,
To make himself a most accomplisht *Ass*.
Studies new Smiles and Cringes when alone,
And practices abroad what there was done;
Pride is the *Mistriss* he does hourly serve,
His Ear is bor'd and he must never swerve:

Pride

Pride, which to learn the *Women* but begin,
In *Men* is grown a moſt habitual Sin.
Along the *Park* methinks I ſee him paſs,
With formal ſteps he traverſes the Graſs;
If any *Ladies* Eyes but toward him move,
He thinks, (*Vain Fool,*) that they're with him in Love.
But if th' advance, and to him come but nigh,
He gives 'em the kind ſquint and paſſes by;
Indeed he does it moſt Judiciouſly.
Then *Spaniſh Snuff*, to *Modiſh Noſe* is put,
At which Perfum'd *Handkerchief's* drawn out;
T'adjuſt ſome bold diſorder in the Face,
And put the *Chin-patch* in its proper place.
Then hum's a Tune and paſſing through the Streets
With his dear Friend, the brisk Sr. *Fopling* meets;
With open Arms they imbrace---Dear *Jack* how is't?
Welcome from *France*, and then I think they kiſt.
What news from *Paris*, are the *Ladies* fine,
Shall we at *Lockets Ordinary Dine.*
What Novels, Songs, or Faſhions haſt brought over,
Are th' *Ladies* Kind, I prithee *Jack* diſcover?
And thus does more Impertinence run threw,
Then ever Goſſips at a *Chriſtning* knew.

Nay---tis not all his Huffing ſhall excuſe,
The *Bully* from the laſh of angry *Muſe*;
Bully how great i'th' Mouth the *Accent* ſounds;
Bully who nothing breaths but *Bl---d* and *W---nds*?
Some *Divel* did ſure on Nature act a Rape,
And his own likeneſs get in humane ſhape;

More Oaths and Curſes not the Damned Vent,
Than from the *Bullies Brimſtone-Lungs* are ſent.
The *Divel* himſelf is all amaz'd to ſee,
A Wretch more impiouſly bold than he;
Hee for one daring Act was ſent to *Hell*,
But th'others loud G---d D---me's who can tell?
Like *Tom a Bedlam* he invades the Streets,
And Quarrels, Huffs, and Fights with all he meets.
But if that one whoſe valour ſcorns to ſtoop,
To Noiſe and Nonſenſe, take the Villain up;
And ſatisfaction for th' Affront demand,
Sr. *Fright-all* lowers his *Top-ſail* to your hand.
Your Pardon Sr. ſays he, I muſt requeſt,
By *G*---I thought you'd underſtood a jeſt,
His Bilboe ſheath'd he decently retires,
Tutor to young raw *Fops* and Country *Squires*.

Would you my *Muſe* of *Hell* the Picture view,
And what diſtracted Looks the *Damned* ſhew;
Go to ſome Gaming-Ordinary where,
Shamwell and *Cheatly* and ſuch Rooks repair,
To ſharp the Citty-*Prigg* or Country-*Heir*.
Oaths loud as Thunder, ſhake the trembling room,
And pointed Curſes ſign each others Doom.
The *Pox*, the *Plague*, and all the Ills that fall,
On wretched Mortals on themſelves they call;
While they by the uncertain chance of *Dice*,
Looſe Mannours, Lands, and Lordſhips in a trice.
And what Old *Gripe-well*, Scores of years was getting,
Is loſt at *Hazard* in an hours ſitting:

The

The loſs of *Guineas* proves the loſs of ſenſe,
For againſt Chance how can there be Defence.
Anger, Diſpair and Fury fill the Face;
And *Paſſion* juſtles *Reaſon* out of Place.
At laſt a Wretch with whom the *Furies* dwell,
Is by a fatal thruſt diſmiſt to Hell.
*T'*inform old *Nick*, that all the reſt agree,
Shortly to come and bear him Company.

The keeping Spark ſhould next have been expos'd,
But that's a *Text* has one great *Poet* pos'd,
A *Satyr* cannot fright him into ſhame,
Whoſe Preſence damn'd the well-wrote *Limber-hamm.*
I might have told what Arts and *Tricks* are laid,
*T'*inſnare the virtuous young unthinking Maid.
What ſly decoys are us'd t'intrap the Fair;
What truſty Pimp did in the Office ſhare.
What Rev'rend *Bauds* made uſe of to entice,
The Fair One's liking of that modiſh Vice:
How ſhe at laſt is guided to his Arms;
Where Victor like he triumphs in her Charms.
How long ſhe does the Airy *Title* hold;
And how her Joys are ſcarce a *Twelvemonth* old,
Before kind *Keeper* takes another Miſs;
But ſad experience knows too much of this.

My *Task* were endleſs, I ſhould never ſtop;
Were I oblig'd t'expoſe each ſort of *Fop.*
The rambling *Fop* from *France* but newly come,
That went out ſound and brought Diſeaſes home.

The

The ſqueamiſh *Fop* ſo nice in all things grown,
Sr. *Courtly* has his fellow *Fools* in Town.
The *Lazy Fop* that lyes a Bed till Noon,
And wonders how he chanc'd to riſe ſo ſoon:
The *Fop* which does to buſineſs make pretence,
Yet never guilty known of two much Senſe;
The Citty *Fop* that modiſh would appear,
And puts on Sword and Wigg at *Temple-barr*.
The cringing *Fop* that does to all Men bow;
The ſharping *Fop*, that lives the Lord knows how.
The noiſie *Fop* would talk a Man to death,
The ſwearing *Fop*, that lives on perjur'd Breath:
But hold---I might as well attempt to ſhow
What various Weeds on Banks of *Nilus* grow:
What ſorts of Monſters *Affrick* Deſarts bear,
As tell how many ſorts of *Fops* there are;
We need not long be puzl'd how to call Men,
For *Fop* is grown a common Name for all Men.

Forgetful *Muſe*; that 'mongſt the Slaves that vex,
And daily torture our too harmleſs Sex,
You ſhould forget that hateful Plague of Life,
Husband, *the Conſtant Jaylor of a Wife*;
Husband---the curſt alotment of our Fate,
Husband the thing, that of all things we hate;
Fops plague us but by turns, and then they've done,
But *Husband's* Plagues are ever but begun;
And tho' each Day, we wiſh the Slav'ry done,
We find our Chains as conſtant as the Sun.

If

If *Jealouſie*, that Maggot of the Pate,
Poſſeſs the *Sot*, how violent is his Hate?
What curſt Suſpicions haunt his tortur'd Mind,
And make him look, for what he would not find?
To'th' *Looking-Glaſs* he dare not caſt an Eye,
For fear he ſhould his *fine-brow antlers* Spy.
Nothing but Females muſt 'ith' houſe appear,
And not a *Dog* or *Cat* that's Male be there:
Nay leaſt th'unhappy *Wife* ſhould have her Longings.
He cuts out all the Men i'th' *Tapſtry-Hangings*.
If but a harmleſs Letter to her's ſent,
He'll make it own worſe Senſe than e're it meant,
And e're the Letter from his hands be caſt,
He'll make it ſpeak ſome deadly Crime at laſt.
In a curſt Garret cloyſter'd up for Life,
Lives *Female-Innocence* miſcall'd a Wife.
Deny'd thoſe Pleaſures are to Virtue granted,
Yet by the *Divel* of a *Husband* haunted:
For a Releaſe, ſhe cannot hope nor pray,
Till milder Death take him, or her away:
If her ſhe's happy---and if him ſhe's bleſt;
Till to her Arms ſhe take a ſecond Gueſt:
But where's a Woman of all Senſe ſo void?
Won't ſhun---
That Gulph wherein ſhe'd like t've been deſtroy'd.

If Beauty, Wit, or Complaiſance could do?
Her's Woman that can all theſe Wonders ſhew;

Beauty

Beauty that might new Fire to *Hermits* lend,
And Wit which ſerves that Beauty to defend.
When courted, ſhe did Wonders with her *Charms*,
Till *Parſon* conjur'd her to *Husband* Arms.
And tho' the ſame Perfections ſtill remain,
Yet nothing now can the Dull Creature gain:
No looks can win him, nor no ſmiles invite;
The Wretch does her, and her Endearments ſlight;
And leaves thoſe Graces which he ſhould adore,
To dote upon ſome ugly *Suburb-Whore*;
While poor neglected Spouſe remains at home,
With diſcontent and Sorrow overcome.
No Prayers nor Tears, nor all the Vertuous Arts,
VVhich Women uſe to tame Rebellious Hearts:
Can the Incorrigible Husband move,
And make him own his once ſo promis'd Love.
Conſider, Lord! 'twill make his Head grow giddy,
He ſays he is not yet for *Bedlam* ready:
But the next time that you thro' *Ludgate* paſs,
Through Grates you'l ſee the loving *Spend-All*'s Face:
And 'twill ſome Pleaſure be the *Wretch* to view,
Angling for ſingle Money in a Show.

Tell me you grave Diſputers of the Schools,
You Learned *Cocks-Combs*, and you well-read *Fools*:
You that have told us *Man* muſt be our *Head*;
And made Dame Nature *Pimp* to what you've ſaid.
Tell me when *Husband* drencht in *Clarret* reels,
And ſlips by th' Motion of his treach'rous *Heels*.

That

That *Head* he has we all confeſs and own,
But what's the Head, when once the Senſe is gon?

Oh! ſhe's a happy, too too happy Bride,
That has a *Husband* Snoring by her ſide:
Belching out *Fumes* of undigeſted *Wine*,
And lyes all night like a good natur'd *Swine*:
Whoſe Snoring ſerves for Muſick to her Ears;
And keeps true Conſort with her ſilent Tears:
That can himſelf no more than *Chaos* move,
And ſtill neglects the great Affair of *Love*.
She may indeed aſſume the Name of *Wife*,
But others know ſhe's but a *Nurſe* for *Life*.

A Drunken *Husband* may pretend good Nature:
But here's a *Sullen Matrimonial-Creature*;
Will, and will not, will aſk, and will deny;
Is peeviſh, Croſs, and cannot tell for why.
Not one kind look he will to Spouſe afford,
Not one kind Smile, perhaps not one kind Word.
All the obliging Arts that ſhe can uſe,
To reconcile this angry peviſh Spouſe;
Avail no more, than if ſhe took delight,
In waſhing Bricks, or ſwarthy *Negro's* white.
Lyons and *Tygers* Men have learnt to tame,
Retaining nothing frightful but their Name:
With low ſubmiſſion have their Keepers own'd,
And trembled when their Maſters have but frown'd.
But *Man*, unruly *Man*, that Beaſt of Reaſon,
'Gainſt Woman ſtill contious in his Treaſon.

No Charms his damn'd ill-nature can releaſe,
Satan, muſt only *Satan* Diſpoſeſs.

Are theſe ye *Gods*, the *Sov'raigns* we muſt own?
Muſt we before theſe golden Calves bow down?
Forgive us Heaven if we renounce the Elves,
We'll make a Common-Wealth among our ſelves:
Where by the Laws, that we ſhall then Ordain,
We'll make it Capital to mention *Man*.
Man, we'll for ever baniſh from our ſight,
Not talk by day, nor think of them by night:
We'll ſhun their Courtſhip, as we'd do the Plague,
And loath 'em more, than they a toothleſs-Hagg:
'Tis not their Sighs, their Cringeing nor their Prayers,
Their ſupple Whinings, nor their treach'rous Tears:
That ſhall one kind Return forever gain;
But when t'oblige us they've done all they can.
We'l laugh, deride, and ſcorn the *Foppiſh* Sex;
And wrack Invention for new Ways to vex.
Till they to ſhun us prompted by Diſpair;
Or drown themſelves, or Hang in cleanly Air.
Thus when to Hell by Shoals the *Men* are hurl'd,
Women will Reign as Monarchs of the World.

But if amongſt us there ſhould chance to be,
One ſilly fond regardleſs fooliſh *She*:
That ſpight of all our *Edicts* will maintain,
A League with that deteſted Creature *Man*:
Good Counſel firſt ſhall ſtrive to bring her off;
But if the Fool will that good method Scoff;

We'll

We'll try what next our heavy Threatnings do;
But her Curſt Treaſons, if ſhe ſtill purſue.
If ſhe the freedom of her Sex will leave,
And love a Wretch ſhe knows that will deceive?
From pitty we'll exempt the Female Sot;
That wretched thing, a *Husband* be her Lot.
Jealous by Day, and Impotent by Night;
Have neither ſhape nor Mein to pleaſe the ſight.
Diſeas'd in *B*ody and Deform'd in Soul,
Conceited, Proud, yet all the while a Fool.
Poor to a Proverb, Lazy, yet as Poor,
And ſtill want Credit for to run on Score.
May ſhe with him ſpin out a tedious Life;
*B*leſt with that much admir'd Title *Wife*.
And may no *Female* better *Fate* partake,
That dares profain, the wholſom *Laws* we make.

FINIS.